

Great Lovers

exhibited. That also, I expect, has
gone to
America, and if I had had any hope of
finding an
original poem scribbled on the posts of
the ideal
verandah, I too "lost a dream or two/*

What did he mean by that ? I think
I know.
No "Great Lover"—and that is how
one thinks
of Rupert Brooke—can come to Tahiti
without
losing a dream or two. Enough has
been said
already in these pages to explain that if
one has
dreamed of finding the old native life one
is doomed
to disappointment here. But curiously
enough
another "Great Lover" has in his book
on Tahiti
explained the situation better than I
can do. It
is the best book on the island that has
been written,
and for that very reason perhaps is not
popularly
known. It is a sad book, for more
reasons than
one, and in it George Calderon depicts,
with simple
truth, at once the beauty and the
sorrows of the
Isle of Dreams.

He was here in 1906, and while he

moved about
a good deal and can hardly be claimed
by any one
district, the nearest approach to
permanency is
illustrated in our photograph. The
house in which
he spent many weeks almost alone with
his thoughts
and his dreams stands on the edge of
Mataiea